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The Tenth Man

By Graham Greene

Following their successful
invasion of the Soviet Union
there's an increased deployment
of German troops to the Eastern front.
The so-called Resistance groups
received another blow yesterday.
Three terrorists
were shot dead...

Good morning,
Monsieur Chavel.

- Good morning.
- Morning.

The train from Paris
is arriving at 08:35.

We apologise for the delay.
The train will be leaving
from platform seven.

- Good morning.
- Good morning, Monsieur Chavez.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
- Thank you. Good morning.
- Good morning.

The new German
financial regulations, monsieur.
Jules.

Check, please.

Right away, Monsieur Chavel.

- We need one more.
- We need one more!

Why me?

I'm a lawyer.

Let me go!

Who's in charge?

Let me go! It's a mistake.

I'm an ordinary man.

Come on.

And you.

Forwards! Move it!

Come on!

Come on!

Out!

Do as you're told, come on.

Where are we?

This is ridiculous. There's been
some mistake. Who's in charge?
Come on, you!
Forwards when I tell you!
There's been some mistake.
I'm a lawyer.
I want to see someone in charge.
I demand to speak to that officer.
Ah!
Quickly, quickly.
In you go.
And you.
Hey, Breton, what time is it?

- 8:
- 40.

It's 8:

It's pretty, your antique,
but it doesn't keep good
time any more. It's 8:40.
You should know that a piece of rubbish
from a market stall is bound to slow down.
It's not made to last.

8:

Ran into some trouble?
Yes.
Who... Who's in charge?
I need to talk to someone.
- Save your breath.
- I've done nothing.
- There's no reason for me to be here.
- No reason for any of us.
What's the matter? Don't tell me
you don't know what's going on.
Every now and then they run out
and grab a few people off the street.
Then they keep us in cold storage...
till needed.
Very simple.
Any resistance, sabotage, trouble...
the Germans shoot a few hostages
to restore law and order.

Then they round up a few more.
They think it works quite well.
- There must be some way.
- Let's see. Do you know anyone useful?
- Hauptfhrer?
- No.
Even a colonel could help.
Nothing going on?
So far.
This is where they do it.
They march down the yard,
and round the back.
And then you hear the shots.
You and I must be the only
professional men in here.
Lorry driver, shop assistant,
tobacconist... labourers.
Michel Mangeot calls
himself a clerk
but was unemployed
when they picked him up.
I myself was mayor of Bouges
but I don't think the three-coloured
sash would look its best with this.
There must be something
we can do, even here.
The law exists to
protect the innocent.
My son wouldn't agree with you.
He believes money pressed into the
right palm always does the trick.
Everyone back inside!
Time for slops.
Stop!
If only I could let someone know,
make contact.
My son probably thinks I'm dead.
He'll have sold the family silver.
Move on.
Stop!
The local shooting gallery.
You ever kill a man?
No.
No, I've never killed anyone.

I've never faced a
man with a gun either.
Move on!
OK.
Are you ready for this?
Your socks. Raise you
two buttons and a shoelace.
I'm in for two cigarettes.
Two cigarettes...
and I'll raise you my waistcoat.
- I see that.
- Full house. Threes and nines.
I'm finished.
I'm hanging on to my trousers.
Me too.
Four tens.
I win.
It seems calm.
Generally is.
Early on.
- Were you here when they
shot the others? - Yes.
They do it in the morning.
Seven o'clock.
- You saw the place?
- Oh, yes.
Wooden posts and a...
a stone wall.
It's not much of a wall now.
Bullet holes all over it.
Terrible.
All chipped.
They must be lousy shots.
Good enough, though.
I've never really
been out of Paris.
Fontainebleau.
I went there one summer.
For the day.
With my mother and my sister.
It was nice.
I'd like to have travelled a bit.
- I suppose you've been all over.
- Mm? No, not really.

Just in the army, but I didn't get further than the barracks at Marseille. They wouldn't take me. I don't want to go anywhere again. Just to St Jean de Brinac, my home. It's about... It's just... about an hour outside Paris. Nice place, is it? I bet you've got a real mansion. Mm. Funny old place, really. The staircase. I could do you a drawing with this pen if you like. Don't. It's your house, not mine. My father owned it, like his father before him. I may retire there one day. What was your father's job? He was a lawyer, like his father before him. I suppose it's all right. Seems a bit dusty to me. Oh... You can rely on the law. It's not like family or friends. The law never lets you down. Unless you're on the wrong side of it. I thought you said it was too early for trouble. Come with me! Come with me! Move! What time is it? Half past six. - I thought it was later. - It is. It's twenty to seven. Your piece of junk is fast. Look out! I have an announcement. Outrages were committed in the city last night.

The second-in-command to the
military governor was murdered.
Also, a girl on a bicycle.
We do not complain
about the girl.
Frenchmen have our permission
to kill Frenchwomen
if they wish to.
Do not blame us for
the consequences.
Blame your own
so-called Resistance.
My orders are...
that in this prison,
one man in every ten...
is to be shot.
You are 30.
Your contribution then is... three.
We are quite indifferent
as to which three.
This time...
choose for yourselves.
The execution will take place
at seven tomorrow morning.
Well, what do we do?
Volunteer?
We could draw lots. Unless it's felt
we should go by age, oldest first.
That wouldn't be right.
We've lived our life.
It's the way of nature.
Not always.
We'll draw lots.
Surely that's the fairest way.
How do we do it?
Flip a coin?
We can't get an even
chance with a coin.
The only way's a draw.
You can use this letter.
The backs are blank.
But why three lives for one?
It's not fair.
I don't go along with it!

We... we must demand
to see a superior officer.
That's no good.
You can see the marked ones.
We need a shoe
to put them in.
Krogh's got the biggest feet.
- Who's going first?
- Alphabetical order.
- Going backwards.
- You would say that.
For God's sake,
do we have to squabble over this?
OK...
Nobody here before V?
Nobody?
OK.
Here goes.
That's it.
Tough luck on Voisin,
but it's improved the odds.
All right, who's next?
U, T, S...?
The hell with this! We've all got
to take a slip. Let's get on with it.
Two.
- Ha!
- Three.
Four.
Five.
Six.
Seven.
Eight...
Nine...
Who's the tenth man?
Mangeot, you next.
Ten.
Eleven.
Twelve.
Thirteen...
Fourteen.
Fifteen...
Sixteen.
Seventeen...

Eighteen.

Nineteen...

Twenty.

Twenty-one.

Twenty-two...

- May I join you?

- Twenty-three...

Twenty-four...

Twenty-five, twenty-six...

Twenty-seven...

- You looked!

- I did not look!

He didn't.

Come and sit with us,

Monsieur Chavel.

I didn't agree to this draw.

Come and sit down.

You can't do anything about it.

But why...?

- I'm an innocent man.

- Look at it this way.

If it's not now,

it's another time.

None of us live forever.

You can't make me do this!

It's not up to us, is it?

You can't make me do this!

I'll give 100,000

francs to anyone...

who'll take this.

100,000 francs.

Please.

100,000. Please,

100,000 francs!

I'll give 100,000 francs.

Please!

No one's going to give his life for
money he'll never enjoy. It's obvious.

I'll give you everything I've got.

Everything.

My land, my house,

everything. Please.

- Nobody wants to die.

- Rich or poor. So just shut up!

Tell me more.

Maybe I'll take your offer.

100,000 francs,
my land, my house,
everything I've got.

- How rich are you?

- Don't laugh at him.

I'm not laughing,

I'm doing a deal.

You'll take my place?

- I'll take your place.

- What use is his money when you're dead?

I have a mother and a sister.

I can make a will.

I don't like this.

We can't buy our lives. Why should he?

If you've got money,
you can do what you like.

Buy another man's life?

Why not?

- It's not fair. - Why isn't it fair
to let me do what I want?

I'm going to die a rich man.

Anyone who thinks it
isn't fair can rot in hell.

Come here.

Sit down.

How much money is there?

300,000 francs, approximately.

- Approximately?

- Yes.

Well.

And the place?

- The orchards, the farmland, the house...

- What about Paris?

The office is rented.

- Any family?

- No, none.

Right.

You're a lawyer.

You better draw everything
up properly.

Make me out a...

what's it called?

- Deed of gift. - That's right.
Make it out to me. Michel Mangeot.
Michel...
Mangeot.
"I, Jean-Louis Chavel...
"of St Jean de Brinac...
"give all stocks and shares,
all money to account
"and all furniture...
"and contents of
St Jean de Brinac
"and the freehold
of said property... "
I need, er, two witnesses.
No, not you.
I want living men as witnesses.
Perhaps you could.
There's my pen.
- It's a very odd document.
- Give it here. I'll sign.
Better have somebody respectable
if this is to be taken seriously.
Right.
Now my will.
To my mother and sister equally.
I want something to show the
neighbours what sort of man I was.
You keep the documents. They'll let you
send them off when they've finished.
I'm a rich man.
Always knew I'd
be rich one day.
Chavel...
Tell me about my house.
It's about a mile
outside the village.
How many rooms?
There is the drawing room,
the dining room,
six bedrooms, my study...
a kitchen...
- Tell me about the kitchen.
- The housekeeper didn't complain.
Where's she?

I don't know.
Maybe she left, shut everything up.
Garden?
Oh, yes, there's a
fountain and some roses.
- Can I grow vegetables?
- Oh, yes.
Some fruit...
apples and plums,
and there's...
there's a beautiful walnut tree.
Walnut tree.
Yes.
How old's the house?
It was built in 1780.
Pity.
My mother has trouble
with her lungs.
I'd have liked something modern.
Lights out!
Mangeot...
it's no good. I must have been
out of my mind. We'll call it off.
Look, I don't want
this any more.
Waiting in line for
the bucket latrine,
eating slops, coughing my
guts up day after day.
Then, if I'm lucky,
back on the streets.
I'm going out in style.
Your style.
Mangeot, listen to me.
I won't let you do it.
I don't want to die,
God knows, I don't want to die.
But I can't.
You've got a family.
Yes.
And in my family, when we say
we're going to do something, we do it.
It's too late.
We did a deal.

What time is it?

- Six minutes to seven.

- Four minutes past.

Come on!

Ready?

Aim!

Fire!

What do you want?

You won't find anyone there.

They closed down years ago.

It's a nice ring.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Why does every passing
tramp have to ring this bell?

- Sorry.

- It's all right.

- You need food?

- I don't want much.

I haven't much in the house.

Where are you from?

I was in Paris, but there's no work,
so I thought I'd head south.

- Don't bring in dirt. I've scrubbed
that step. - I'll take my shoes off.

There's some food
in the kitchen.

Which...

which way do I go?

Where's...?

Where's what?

Your mother.

Er...

Where's your mother?

- How do you know about my mother?

- Your brother told me.

- You knew Michel?

- Yes.

When?

Were you with him in prison?

Yes.

Terese!

- Mother doesn't know.

- About his death?

The other business.

She thinks he made a fortune.

- What's your name?

- Jean Perrette.

Did you know the other one?

Oh, yes, I knew him.

- Who is this?

- Somebody who knew Michel.

- You knew Michel?

- Yes.

He said I should
look you up if...

Well, we all said
that kind of thing.

He was a wonderful boy.

He bought all this
for his old mother.

Silly boy.

I was OK where I was.

We had three nice little
rooms in Clichy. Cosy.

Here, we're cut
off from the world.

It's too much for
an old woman.

I thought he'd left enough
so you'd be comfortable.

There's things
money can't buy.

He's hungry.

Well, give him some food.

If he wants food, he should ask.

You'd think he was a beggar.

I'm not begging.

I can pay for food.

I have a few francs.

Shouldn't be so free
with your money.

It won't get you anywhere.

Look at those socks!

There's some bread and cheese.

- Tell me about him.

- Michel? Everybody liked him.

I didn't mean Michel.

I mean the other one, Chavel.
I looked at that name
on the documents.
Jean-Louis Chavel.
I've got a feeling
he'll be back.
He won't be able to resist seeing
what's happened to his beautiful house.
We're always getting
strangers at the door,
hungry, looking for a meal.
But every time that bell starts
to jangle I think to myself,
"Maybe this time that's him. "
- And if it was?
- I'd spit in his face.
That's the first thing I'd do.
And then I'd kill him.
If it wasn't for her,
I'd set light to the place.
What a fool Michel was. Did he really
think I'd rather have this than him?
Half of me's dead.
The night they shot him,
I felt the pain.
I sat up in bed
and I felt this pain.
It wasn't at night,
it was in the morning.
- Not in the night?
- No.
What did it mean,
that pain I felt that night?
Nothing.
It's often the way.
We think there's a meaning,
then we find the facts are wrong.
You wake up with a pain
and you think that...
but things don't fit.
Tell me what Chavel looks like.
He was just an ordinary man,
like the rest of us.
- Ordinary?

- Yes...

We are taught to
forgive our enemies.

I can't forgive him.

And one day,

I know I'll see his face.

- I think I should be going.

- Where are you going?

What did you do before?

I was in the civil service.

Nothing special.

Ministry of education.

- Don't you have any family?

- No.

We could do with some help.

This place takes a lot of cleaning.

- And there's the garden.

- I don't...

Beneath you, is it?

No.

There wouldn't be any
problem with wages. We're rich.

Yes, I think I could
stay for a while.

I'll get you some socks.

He won't miss them.

There's plenty to do, as you can see,
but the main thing I'll be paying you for
is to keep an eye out for him.

I don't know what
he looks like.

You do.

You can sleep in here.

This is the maid's room.

I suppose so.

Not much of a room, is it?

You should see his.

I can't bear to go in there.

- It's only a room.

- It's full of him.

The smell of his cologne,
the polish of his fine shoes.

There's a bowl of potpourri on the chest.

I wonder who put that there.

His mother... probably.
What are you doing?
I nearly fell over it.
I thought I'd clean it up.
It's a dust trap,
all that fancy carving.
Still, it's a nice frame.
Maybe you'd like to
hang it somewhere.
- Would you like that?
- Why not?
Erm...
Here.
Is this where it went?
Very good.
Yes, that's where it went.
I'm going to market tomorrow.
Anything you want?
A razor?
Shave that beard off,
see what you look like.
No, I like my beard.
You ought to hire a
cart from the village.
It's a long walk,
carrying all that.
I can't ask them in the village.
That's his territory.
- He never had much to do with them.
- How do you know?
I heard him telling your brother.
He said the people here
never felt at ease with him.
I'm not surprised.
Or maybe he said he never
had much to do with them.
You see, as he grew up,
he grew away from them.
Or so he said.
They seem to have
talked a good deal.
Yes.
I think Michel felt he was living
his whole life that night.

"Tell me about my house," he said,

"my garden. "

- Why are you bothering with the bushes?

- They're raspberries and redcurrants.

They're almost ripe. It's crazy

buying all that stuff from the market.

If we clear this garden,

we could...

you could grow all you need.

Making yourself at home,

aren't you?

Sitting here.

Stuck in the kitchen.

What's the point of being rich?

We should have real servants.

Not tramps who

come in off the road.

Does it need salt?

No, it's fine.

Stuck!

- Can't even get to Mass.

- Why?

It's too far.

Even climbing the stairs is like

climbing a mountain for me some days.

Once...

on the 14th of July...

I was dancing in the streets.

I danced all night.

Eight o'clock, we opened up the

shop and I worked in it all day

and I didn't even feel tired.

Your father used to say

that I was like a butterfly.

Butterfly.

We could help you.

You could lean on us.

We'll see.

Don't you want to go in?

I've got nothing to

say to God any more.

Mother wanted to know why I

didn't go to church any more.

Told her I'd lost my faith.

But it's the hate that
keeps me away.
I can't drop my hate at the church door
and pick it up an hour later on the way out.
It goes on and on.
All day and all night.
It's all there is.
Couldn't you try going
out once in a while?
See something new.
People like us don't
do that sort of thing.
We did go to Fontainebleau once,
with Michel.
That was a lovely day.
Mother likes to pretend
but we were as poor as hell.
Chavel made a good living.
He must be a hard,
calculating sort of person.
Why do you say that?
You don't become a
rich lawyer by accident.
You know he inherited
that law practice?
All he ever wanted to do was hurry
back to his house and garden.
Just like a failure,
afraid of...
being found out.
You sound as though
you hate him too.
Hm?
No.
No, I despise him,
just for what he did.
Hey, let's go here.
This way.
His parents.
Both died the same year.
Where did you get those?
They make you look
like an old man.
I found them in the market.

I won't be fobbed off with rotten food now.

I can see what I'm doing.

It was a bit thin in the market this morning.

Thought we could get a rabbit or something.

Here's your change.

And the list.

You'd better check it.

- I trust you.

- Your mother doesn't. Here.

That's strange.

Your writing looks familiar.

It's very ordinary writing.

Quite characterless.

Strange.

It's like that feeling you get when you think you've been somewhere before.

Oh, well.

Could you put the change in the drawer?

I'm sorry, I...

I couldn't sleep so I came down to get myself some water.

I thought I heard a noise, a bird falling down the chimney.

- Maybe it was a rat.

- No rat's been here for three years.

Why don't you clear all this stuff out?

I couldn't bear to touch it.

But have anything you like if it fits you.

Silly to leave it rotting here.

Poor thing.

Imagine being the mother of a monster like that.

You know,

there was a point that night when he tried to call it off.

He didn't want to go through with it.

- But your brother refused.

- Once.

- He really tried.

- He acted the coward, I agree.
But anyone can play
the coward once.
Many of us do, in fact,
and you forget about it afterwards.
It's just that in his case,
it was so... spectacular.
You mean he was unlucky.
Everyone's tested at some point.
It can happen any time.
And then you discover what you've
been all your life, what you are.
Do you know what
you are, really?
No.
But I will one day.
And I know what he is.
He's a murderer.
All I want is him in front of me,
and me with a gun.
I suppose afterwards you'll go to
confession and you'll feel happy again.
No.
But perhaps I wouldn't feel so tired.
And old.
And afraid of people.
I could start living.
Can I get you some water?
There's no need for that.
I can't sleep anyway.
Are you tired?
- Want a lift?
- No, thank you.
You're Mademoiselle Mangeot,
aren't you?
My name is Roche.
This is Monsieur Perrette.
- I've seen you in the market.
- He's helping us.
You want to be careful.
There's a lot of strangers, funny people.
He's a friend.
You haven't got much to say.
Maybe I should look at your papers.

You sound like a policeman.

It's my business to keep an eye on things,
from Resistance days.

- The war's over.

- Don't you believe it. It's just beginning.

Collaborators creeping out
from their little nests.

He was locked up by the Germans
and knew my brother.

- And you knew Chavel?

- Yes.

- You two must have been friends.

- When we were kids.

Later, well, he was from the big house.

My family are just farmers.

- What was he like?

- Kept himself to himself.

Afraid of the girls,
scared of taking risks.

Why don't they like
us in the village?

It's just that they didn't
believe your story.

They couldn't believe
a man would die for money.

They thought the Germans
must be mixed up in it.

He did it for you, of course.

You won't have any more trouble.

I'll have a word.

We're having a celebration
on Sunday.

Start of the hunting season.

There'll be dancing. Come along.

Maybe.

Go on.

- Would you like an aperitif?

- Oh, no.

Didn't do that in Paris.

Couldn't afford to.

A glass of wine. I can afford it.

I'm paid a fair wage now.

Oh!

Thank you.

It's really strange,
sitting here like a lady of leisure.
Do you ever think about the future,
what you'll do?
I mean, er...
You'll want to get married one day.
There's not much to choose
from round here.
There's Roche,
the great Resistance hero.
- And then there's you, of course.
- Ah, yes.
No. You'll be off,
back to your own sort.
Find a job and a girl who
works in the civil service.
- Knows about things.
- I'd like to stay here.
Maybe we should go to
that dance Roche mentioned.
I'm not too keen on those things.
You go.
I wouldn't go on my own.
But it would have been nice.
She's gone to bed.
They seemed friendly.
Maybe they don't hate us.
Of course they
don't hate you.
Well, good night.
You don't have to
use the back stairs.
You're not a servant.
- Terese? Is that you?
- Yes.
- Good night.
- Good night.
I think we should eat in
the dining room tonight.
There's no need to behave like Gypsies.
It's our house.
- It'll need cleaning out.
- I'll do it.
Ah, yes.

I'll get some water.
Look.
His whole life's in here.
Him in his cradle.
The christening.
That old priest's
still in the village.
And here... is Jean-Louis
at his first communion.
That priest again.
He called on us, let us know Chavel used
to have him for dinner at Christmas.
Mother let him know there wouldn't
be any more grand dinners.
What a bunch.
Mean.
Hard eyes.
No wonder he turned
out the way he did.
Can you imagine them doing something
human, like dancing or kissing?
Can you imagine them in love?
- How would they show love?
- I suppose they...
expressed it just like you...
and me.
I suppose that's your admirer Roche,
come to pay his respects.
Open up,
or Mother will start yelling.
Yes.
- Who is it?
- Jean-Louis Chavel.
- Who? - Chavel. Open the door.
It's wet out here.
Who is it?
Chavel.
- I'm sorry, can't you hear me?
- He says it's Jean-Louis Chavel.
Please.
Let him in.
Eh?
I apologise for
breaking in on you like this.

- What do you want?
- Shelter. Something to eat.
You're Chavel?
Jean-Louis Chavel?
Yes, I'm Chavel.
I knew you'd come one day.
I hope you'll allow me to...
Oh!
Erm...
I think you'd better go.
I can't.
They're looking for me.
Young men with guns who call
themselves the Resistance.
- Why? - This is a great
time for settling scores.
Anyone who has an enemy can
find himself labelled a collaborator.
But you have the perfect answer.
You were in a German prison,
condemned to death.
They're saying that I was
put there as an informer.
It was wrong of
me to come here
but a hunted animal heads
for the place it knows as home.
I'm sorry.
I'll leave.
Yes.
You'd better go.
I had another reason for coming. I had
a message for Mademoiselle Mangeot.
From her brother.
Message?
I'm sorry, monsieur, you are...?
You should know.
You were in the same prison.
I'm Jean Perrette.
Of course.
I thought I recognised your face.
Is this Chavel?
Oh, yes.
Yes.

It's Chavel.
I shouldn't have come back.
I'm...
Please forgive this intrusion.
Forgive.
You have a message
from my brother?
He wanted you to know
that he loved you.
He thought this was the best
thing he could do for you.
I'm sorry, mademoiselle,
I should have realised.
I should have known that this door
would no longer be open to me.
You don't have to go.
I wouldn't turn a dog out in this rain.
You can stay.
- It's not long till morning.
- You're very kind.
You need dry clothes.
You'll find everything in your room,
as you left it.
I wouldn't presume!
It's not my room any more.
Please.
Who's there?
What's all this noise?
My mother's not well. I won't tell her
who you are, she couldn't take the shock.
Who's this?
Someone who knew Michel.
Another one wanting a free meal.
And a hand-out.
I wonder that my son managed to
hold on to any of his money at all.
I said he could stay tonight.
What's your name?
Er, Toupard, Madame.
Philippe Toupard.
- You knew my son?
- Yes, he talked about you a lot.
You must be very
proud of him.

I'm starving.
Can you come with me, monsieur?
We have a lot to talk about.
Who are you?
What are you doing?
Look, I don't know what's going on here.
All I want is... a night's shelter.
No trouble.
I was on my way to Switzerland.
I got myself into something,
er, rather messy,
involving the police.
I thought it wise to lie low
for a couple of days.
May I see your
watch a moment?
A man in prison had a watch like this.
His name was...
- Breton.
- You're the son he talked about.
I had to pull quite a few strings,
use friends in high places to get him out.
You think he'd be grateful.
When he found out...
he threatened to kick
me out of the house.
Called me a collaborator.
Then he had a heart attack.
- What brought you here?
- Well, I remembered the story.
He'd told us about
a man in prison with him,
who bought his life.
You know, you were there.
I thought it was worth a try.
Jean?!
Can you help me?
Mother's not well.
She's having her
soup in her room.
Monsieur Chavel.
Oh, no,
I wouldn't dream of it.
You found everything?

In perfect order.
Fresh, dry clothes.
I am deeply grateful.
You're from Paris, yourself,
Mademoiselle Mangeot,
isn't that right?
My parents are from Normandy
but we were born in Paris...
my brother and I.
I've forgotten the bread.
You think you can
get away with this?
I reckoned Chavel wouldn't have
the nerve to come home.
I... decided to do it for him.
Everyone in the village
will know you're not Chavel.
I had to risk it,
just for the night.
I must say,
I like the man's style.
Mm. It's the best soup
I've ever tasted.
All right, what's going on?
What's your game and why are
you going along with my story?
To help her.
She had it in her head Chavel
would show up one day.
He became an obsession with her.
I thought this would cure it.
She could, er, start living.
Hm.
Well, I think I was a bit hasty,
saying I'd leave in the morning.
- I caught a look in her eye.
- You're forgetting she hates Chavel.
But I'm not Chavel.
Not the real Chavel. I'm the Chavel she's
invented for herself, not the dull reality.
- She spat in your face.
- I saw a play in Paris once,
by Shakespeare,
where the same thing happened.

A king murdered some woman's husband
and he was practically lifting her skirt.

The actor wiped his
face with his sleeve.

I remember the way he did it.

- Worked rather well.

- You should've been an actor.

When you're living off your wits, you learn
to be different things to different people.

Perhaps I could learn to be
Jean-Louis Chavel.

You won't get the chance.

You'll be gone by sunrise.

I'll make you.

- All this must be rather a blow to you.

- What do you mean?

Anyone with half an eye
can see you're in love with her.

- You must be mad.

- No, it's perfectly reasonable.

I mean, here you are, a man who's been
locked up in prison for three years.

You suddenly find yourself
with a young girl.

Pretty enough, but...

not quite your class.

It must be like being shipwrecked
on a desert island.

You should have got in there,
made a play for her tonight.

Didn't you sense the emotion
that was in the air?

Thanks to me.

God, I'm tired, so tired.

Will you turn out the light, please?

Mother had an attack in the night.

She's very bad.

- Why didn't you call me?

- It wouldn't have helped.

She wants the priest.

I said everyone was tested
sooner or later, everyone.

And then you know
what you are.

I am a coward, just like him.
We're one of a kind.
When it came to it,
I didn't pass the test either.
- Why are you tormenting yourself?
- I should have shot him. I said I would.
You can't give a man shelter,
walk away, find a gun...
- then shoot him in cold blood.
- Why not?
He did to Michel as good as.
Er, you needn't think about
Chavel any longer. He's gone.
- When?
- Earlier this morning.
I would have expected...
You told him to go.
Michel's really dead now.
Terese.
You've been so kind to me.
To us.
So understanding.
I couldn't have managed on my own.
Could you fetch the priest?
Yes, of course.
I wonder where Chavel will go?
Switzerland, probably.
When I went into Mother, she was
frightened. She wanted me to pray for her.
I knelt there, mumbling all that
stuff about forgiveness of sins.
I felt terrible.
You didn't seem so anxious to
forgive him before you saw him.
It's not so easy to hate a face
you know as a face you imagine.
I'll fetch the priest.
I'll take the short
cut over the field.
Yes?
Who is it? What is it?
Sorry to trouble you, Father.
It's Madame Mangeot.
Oh, yes. I was expecting

something of the kind.

- It's heart trouble, I suppose?

- Yes, her daughter asked me...

Is it raining outside?

- No, it's not.

- Good. That's good. That's good.

Can I take that, Father?

She's breathing a

little easier now.

Thank you, Father.

Send for me if you need me.

I'll go to the market.

I'll be back as quick as I can.

I'm sorry to break

in on you again.

I got as far as the village and I heard
about your mother. I'm so very sorry.

- I hope it wasn't me.

- She knows nothing of you.

Oh, good. I wouldn't want
to add to her troubles.

We talked about her,
that night.

The night your brother died.

The night?

- He died in the night?

- Yes, of course. In the night.

- But Jean said he died in the morning.

- I'm afraid he was lying.

Why would he lie about that?

Why? To make me look

worse than I am, I suppose.

I mean, it is worse to let a man die
after a whole night to think about it.

Yes.

He said you tried

once to call it off.

Yes.

I didn't have another chance.

- They took him away.

- I knew it was in the night.

I woke suddenly with a pain.

- Why did he say that...?

- You don't know this man.

He's a liar, and a cheat.
But you bought your life.
There are so many things
you don't understand.
- Your brother was a sick man.
- I know.
He loved you very much.
He worried about what would happen
to you, the money, Germans...
We talked about that.
He showed me your photograph.
He didn't have
a photograph of me.
But he... Oh, I know,
it was a picture torn out of a newspaper.
Er, a street scene.
A beautiful girl, half-hidden in the crowd.
I suppose it reminded him of you.
People do funny things in prison.
Then, he...
asked me what I would
give for his blank slip.
What?
- He asked you?
- I know I'm a coward. I took his offer.
If I'd been guilty of
worse than that,
do you think I would have
dared to come back?
I don't expect
you to believe me.
Why should you?
Goodbye and God bless.
There is just one thing that
I think you should know.
- Thought you'd left.
- I decided to stay.
I had a long talk with the girl. Gave her
my version of what happened that night.
It's terribly unfair.
But that's life, isn't it?
She's very angry.
She wants you to clear out.
- She's letting you stay?

- She hadn't any choice.
I told her about the decree of the 17th
of August. She hadn't heard about it.
You haven't either, have you?
It makes illegal all changes of property
under the German occupation
if one party disputes the deal.
It's true.
I'm not making it up.
So as far as she's concerned,
the place is mine.
You can't make use of it. You're on
the run, a collaborator, wanted for murder.
Ah, yes, you saw the posters.
I'll just have to lie low until it's
safe to push on to Switzerland.
Things will quieten down.
Even a day's shelter is a help
in my situation. Or a week.
Anyway, it's time you left.
- You think I'll say nothing?
- I would advise you not to.
I wouldn't want the girl hurt
and as you so very rightly say,
I'm already wanted for murder,
so I've nothing to lose.
Do you think Chavel will show up?
Is he the type?
Probably he's on
his way here now.
Well, if the worst comes to the worst,
I've got the gun, haven't I?
Yes, I've got the gun.
So don't get any... clever ideas.
I'd use it on the girl first.
You won't forget that, will you?
She's very upset about
all the lies you told her.
- What lies?
- That her brother died in the morning.
Where is she?
With her mother.
No need to disturb her.
Just pick up your bits and pieces

and clear out, quietly.

Terese,

I've got to talk to you.

No more lies.

I know the truth about Michel's death.

- I told you the truth about that.

- Did you?

- He died in the night. I felt the pain.

- Terese...

Listen, it didn't happen that way.

- Mother needs the priest.

- I'm sorry. I'll get him.

Pater noster, qui es in caelis,

sanctificetur nomen tuum,

adveniat regnum tuum

fiat voluntas tua,

sicut in caelo et in terra...

Yes, it was an easy death.

No struggle. Of course,

you know that you'll have to move out of
the house. You know, you understand that.

In the circumstances. Or she'll have to
have someone come in from the village.

- as a companion.

- That's for her to decide.

Yes, I know,

but she's very young.

Simple sort of person.

She's seen life in Paris.

She's not just a country girl.

One place is a lot like another.

It's all a question of observation
and a little wisdom.

I've spent 50 years in
this backwater of a place.

And I haven't missed very much,
I can tell you.

Of life, I mean.

You seem to be a man
of some education.

Erm, are you telling me that
this is none of my business?

- What are you saying?

- I'm talking about human nature.

I mean, you can't sit day
after day as I do,
listening to people, men and women,
telling about themselves
without getting to know something
about human nature.
And she's in a state now where
she might do something foolish.
- She's mourning for her mother.
- These emotions have things in common.
People talk about the
sorrow there is in lust.
But you forget that sometimes
there's a little lust in sorrow too.
You wouldn't want to take advantage
of that, would you, my son?
Please trust me, Father.
I only want what's good for her.
That's good.
Very good.
Why can't you all
leave me alone?
You are alone.
So alone.
But you need never
be alone again.
You've hated me for so
long but it's all over now.
You don't have to worry
about anything...
ever again.
- I'm so tired.
- You can rest now, Terese.
I thought I could trust Jean.
But he lied to me about Michel.
You can trust me.
Because I've told
you the worst.
Everything there is to know.
I suppose so.
Terese...
- I didn't know you were there.
- Did you see the old man home?
I think it's time I

told you who I am.
I am Jean-Louis Chavel.
You're mad.
The man who calls himself
Chavel is a collaborator,
wanted by the police for murder.
He's crazy!
I don't understand.
I don't know any more who's lying.
He's lying. Why did you say
you recognised me?
Because I was afraid
to tell you who I was.
Terese,
I knew you hated Chavel.
When this man came,
I saw my chance to lose myself forever.
He could have all of
your hatred instead.
It's more lies.
Why don't you just clear out? Go!
What the hell are you doing?
When I was a boy, I used to play a
game with a friend across the fields.
I used to take a torch like this,
or if it was a sunny day, a mirror,
and I would flash a message.
One message was a sort of joke.
"The Indians are attacking!"
It meant,
"Come at once!"
He's just trying to fool us.
He still lives across the field,
my old friend, Roche. The Resistance man.
It's about now he goes out to his cows
so he'll see this light flashing on and off.
The old code,
"Come at once. "
So he'll know Chavel is back.
No one else would send this message.
- You're bluffing.
- Roche saw you on the road, at the dance.
He didn't look very closely.
He saw a shabby stranger.

This message will
tell him I'm back.
Drop that torch.
Tell him to drop the
torch or I'll fire.
Drop the torch!
- Are you hurt?
- I'm all right.
And you really are Chavel?
Yes.
But that was another lie,
about the message.
You never flashed the
same way twice.
It's the last lie, Terese.
I promise you.
I had to get him to shoot.
He won't come back now.
- But he'll get away.
- No.
Roche and the others
will pick him up.
You're safe now.
You are hurt.
Terese...
Terese, listen to me.
There's an envelope in
my room on my table.
- Get it. You may need it.
It will help you. - Shh.
- In it, I've written my will.
- Gently.
Everything... the house, everything...
is yours.
- Does that matter now?
- Listen.
The decree. Take the will to Roche.
He'll help you.
God!
Terese, the hatred,
is it all gone?
That's good.
That's good, Terese.
Terese...

You'll be all right now.

sync, fix: